THE CARLYLE MISERIES.

MRS. IRELAND'S BOOK.

LIFE OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE. By Mrs. Alexander Ireland. 12mo, pp. 320. Charles L. Web-

ander Ireland. 12mo, pp. 329. ster & Co. It is difficult to understand why Mrs. Ireland should have taken the trouble to write this book With the exception of four not important letters she offers us nothing which may not be found already in Mr. Fronde's work; in the "Early Letters" of Mrs. Carlyle; in Mr. Larkin's "Reminiscence"; and in Colonel Davidson's "Memorials." To Mr. Froude, indeed, she is so largely indebted for material that her book seems little more than an abstract and a condensation of his. As for her interpretations of the domestic sorrows that vexed Mrs. Carlyle's soul, they are in no sense new, being merely the impressions which any casual reader would naturally derive from Mr. Froude's work. The chief interest of these interpretations lies in the strictly feminine fashion in which they are expressed. Mrs. Ireland has woman's kindness for her heroine-a touch of esprit du corps-and in considering Mr. Carlyle's treatment of his wife, a woman's resentment of a man's obtuseness. She struggles bravely, withal, to do the Chelsea Sage full justice, to write with the impartiality of a trained biographer; and it must be said that her sudden efforts in this direction occasionally curve the lips of the reader into an unavoidable smile. A gentle nature and kind heart speak in her pages-we intend no unamiable criticism in saying her unnecessary pages.

For have we not had enough of Mrs. Carlyle's domestic trials? Surely Froude's chronicle is sufficient-a chronicle, whose courage and honesty will be better appreciated in future years, and which has shown its author to be, in virtue of that bonesty, one of the great biographers of all time. Much of the story of Mrs. Carlyle's clouded days may be easily understood by one who knows the Scotch peasant. Carlyle's many commentators have placed hardly sufficient stress upon the fact that, intellect aside, their canny cot retained, to the end of his days, many of the peasant's habits of thought, feeling and opinion. His good old mother, the ignorant stone-mason's ignorant and hardy wife, spent her days in the roughest domestic toil: therefore her son took it for granted, quite without thinking perhaps, that the same lot was highly suitable for Jeannie Weish, the dainty, accomplished, petted and not strong only daughter of a family much higher in social rank-a girl nurtured in refinement and modest He had the Scotch peasant's deep integrity-and the Scotch peasant's penuriousness. During most of their forty years together, and long after their circumstances had justified greater expenditure, the delicate, ailing little woman struggled with the cares of her house aided only by one cheap servant"; and when the cost of their living in London had unavoidably increased with the rise of prices, of tax-rates, etc., the peasantnature showed in his anger when asked for money by a wife already painfully careful, economical and She pestered his life out about self-sacrificing. "She pestered his life out about money," he told her; "his soul was sick with cearing about it": "she had better make the money she had serve":—and all this while she was paring down household expenses in every direction and was using, to pay for food and fuel, the paltry £25 a year allowed her for personal expenses. Even a cheap London cab was too expensive for ber, and when a frail invalid, past middle age, she continued to go about London by omnibus. It was in this way that she met with the accident which finally caused her death. It was during her last illness, when too late for any permanent effect, that her husband bought for her the carriage that he was quite able to have purchased long before. The history of their lives together is a story of domestic cheese-paring, practised with feminine self-devotion and to the complete loss of health and comfort by the woman whose girlhood was one of ease and plenty. There is no record of any generosity on the part of Carlyle, save toward his own family. He assisted his ablebodied brothers at a time when to do so meant the infliction of undue toil and suffering on his delicate wife. This family loyalty is a fine trait when it does not involve disloyalty to the nearest of all ties; and it is one of the elements of the measureless pride of the Scotch peasant. With this pride, which Carlyle possessed to the full, he had the peasant's obtuseness as regards the sensitiveness of refined, educated, imaginative suffer from "hurt feelings"; their sensibilities and by no means a bad one. It deals had not been considered; what did he know of such things? He saw no cruelty in withholding all tenderness from his wife; in shutting himself away from her, weeks and months at a time, while at work upon his books-even to the point of taking all his meals apart from her. His selfabsorption partly arose, no doubt, from his tremendous estimate of his own intellectual powers To the descendant of illiterate laborers the use of such abilities seemed a thing of transcendent importance to which most other duties, as recognized by ordinary men, must yield. To Carlyle "Me" was of vast meaning, as all his readers know. Whatever other attributes of genius he

possessed, humility was not one of them. In all soberness, then, we say that for his do mestic shortcomings Carlyle does not deserve all the unsparing blame which has been heaped upon him-especially by a sex which is not always as fair in judgment as in feature. As a man he was not of fine texture; he was hard and selfish; he was "dour"; but he was as the Lord and a line of ancestors of temperament like to his had made him. Even a "vast intellect" does not much help a man to root up and do away with the in herited feelings and opinions that are of the very fibre of his nature. The truth is that Carlyle should either have remained a bachelor, or married a kindly, unsensitive woman, who would have been, without repining, Jeannie Welsh with wrath and unavailing wretchedness became-a competent, untiring upper servant and guardian. The primary condition of his work was solitude, and he was impatient | face life, wh of every intrusion of home-life upon his creative loneliness. He wanted to be taken care of, not to be bothered; and a gentle, stolid and quite uneducated woman who was at once a good house keeper, an accomplished economist and an ad miring worshipper would have made him com paratively happy and comfortable. As it was, a brilliant, witty, fiery-hearted, love-craving gypsy was wasted upon him-one who, by force of in the Case " least so. her woes, undoubtedly "led him a life." A good deal of the feminine sympathy poured out upon Mrs. Carlyle might well go to her husband. It is to be hoped that we have now seen the

last of Carlyle books. Let the selfish and powerful man, the clever, yearning and disappointed woman, rest in peace. No human balance can weigh with perfect justice the faults on either

UNSOLD BOOKS IN PARIS.

From The London Daily Telegraph.

Parislans—if we are to judge from some statistics published—do not take so kindly at present to fiction in book form. Formerly the yellow-covered novel, which costs usually about half a crown or a little more when just issued, was to be seen on every table and in the hands of numerons traveliers by boat, rail or car. There is now, however, a crisis threatened in the book trade, and novels are at a considerable discount. It is In the hands of numerous traveliers by boat, rail or car. There is now, however, a crisis threatened in the book trade, and novels are at a considerable discount. It is estimated that there are from fifteen to twenty popular authors whose books fill the requirements of the publishers. To attain this end, at least 30,000 cupies of a work must be sold. Zola and a few others Rusch this point easily, but it has happened lately that one of the most celebrated of the latter-day fletionists had the misfortune to find that 45,000 cupies of his last production were returned to the publishers by the Maison Hachette, which has the monopoly of railway bookstalls. Of a splendidly bound book by a famous author, ornamented with designs by eminent artists and advertised in the most extensive and elaborate manner, only one copy was got off. Of another work of the same description, but loss expensive, only six copies were sold, the remainder being handed over at a ridiculous price to the second-hand booksellers on the quays. It is stated furthermore that one publisher in Paris has now on hand three millions of volumes which he cannot seil. The fact is that the authors themselves are to blame partly for this threatened crisis in the book trade by allowing their works to appear in serial form in newsowing their works to appear in serial form in news-pers and reviews before final publication. People of feullietons as eagerly as ever in France, and, what more, they cut them out and sew them together, so to avoid having to buy the stories eventually in book rm. At the same time, there are a select body of thors who appear well able to hold their own, come

what may. While the stalls on the quays and the hand-carts of Cficap Jacks are loaded with novels by obscure or comparatively unknown writers, whose name is Legion, no production of the same kind by an eminent hand can be found in these places, or, if it be so, it is usually sold and bought at very little under its original usually sold and bought at very little under its orig price, whereas the less popular articles are all given away. This is no inconsiderable sign that works of the most popular authors do gint the market or cause much incumbrance on shelves of the publishers.

SUMMER READING.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

DONALD ROSS OF HEIMRA. By William Black. 12mo, pp. 335. Harper & Brothers. A ROMANCE OF THE MOORS. By Mona Caird. 16mo, pp. 195. Henry Holt & Co. THE SPECULATOR. By Clinton Ross. 12mo, pp. 125. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MY OFFICIAL WIFE. By Colonel Richard Henry Savage. 12mo, pp. 251. The Home Publishing Co.

IDUNA, AND OTHER STORIES. By George A. Hib-bard. 12me, pp. 296. Harper & Brothers.

Once more Mr. Black has gone back to his favorite Highlands, and in "Donald Ross of Heimra" has given us a very pleasant story, in which his really full knowledge of the country and the people produces excellent effects and strong, lifelike studies of character. His Highlanders are full of individuality and quaintness, and these characteristics are brought out skillfully by the movement of the story A philanthropic and energetic young English girl has a Highland estate left her, and having read much about the wrongs of the crofters and the abuses connected with deer forests in the Highlands, she sets out to take possession of her inheritance with a strong determination to improve the condition and redress the grievances of her tenants. In this she is hindered, first by her father, Mr. Purdle, otherwise known as "The Red Dwarf," who is a hard and vindictive man, and who has carefully cultivated the hatred of the tenantry. Her second diffi-culty is the passionate loyalty of these latter for young Donald Ross of Heimra, the sole living representative of the old Highland chief who formerly owned the estate, and owing to whose bankruptcy it was sold to the In such a situation there is ample oppor tunity for careful and picturesque studies of the High-land character, and Mr. Black fully availed himself of them. He has also cleverly introduced some of the strange, weird, half-poetical Highland superstitions, putting them in the mouth of a fine specimen of the lo-cal scataring man. Donald Ross himself, who lives on a little island, the sole remnant of his heritage, is a decidedly interesting person, though perhaps rather more composed and self-restrained than a young land chieftnin should be theoretically. Of course there is a love story, and a very natural and charming one, with the proper crosses and perils to maintain the interest. Some readers will not regret the author's abstention from the chronicling of those sports of which he is so ardent an admirer. It is true that salmon-fishing is mentioned, and also grouse shooting, but there are no descriptions. On the other hand, the pictures of life on the coast and upon its waters are vivid, fresh and delightful, and on the whole we are inclined to consider that there is better and more genuine work in this tale than in many of Mr. Black's, which are much more ambitious in design and clabo

Mrs. Mona Caird is wont to write novels with a purpose, and it may be presumed that she intended something of the kind in "A Romance of the Moors." The only moral to be drawn from this curiously inartistic, flat and dull story, however, is one the ethical qualities of which are open to serious doubt. There is a young farmer-lad, who after making hot love to a prefty village girl, finds that he has unutterable yearnings and gropings after a higher life of some ex-ceedingly vague description. Meeting an astute widow who is shetching, a queer sort of flirtation follows between them, the result of which is that the vonth transfers his callow affections to the good-look ing stranger. She, however, recognizing the mark of gentus in him, tells him that he mu't not marry anybody, a counsel of perfection which the discarded village beauty very naturally finds unpleasing. There the three are brought together, and the widow mirac ulously persuades the maken that she ought to make the great renunciation—the arguments used being such as would by no means satisfy the average schoolboy, not to speak of Macnulay's schoolboy, who, it is need less to say, had omniscience for his foible. The paradoxical novel ends abruptly, leaving the young man, the widow and the maiden uniting in gratulations over the fact that all three have agreed not to do any thing, at least until the youth has gone to London and impressed his supposititious genius upon the people of the capital. It is not a droll story, for there is positively no humor about it, and apparently no sense humor in the author. As for the hero, he threatens to be an uncommonly reprehensible cross between prig and cad, and in spite of his mooning over shelley one does not believe in the reality of his genius at all.

Mr. Clinton Ross can hardly have intended "The women. His sturdy mother and sisters did not speculator" for a novel. It is in fact a short story, episode, namely the downfall of a successful Wall Street man, and the main interest attaches to what happens immediately thereafter, when, his brah away almost unconsciously, and with a purely instintive feeling takes the train for the distant town where he had passed his youth. All this study of morbid cerebral conditions is very well and carefully done and the episode, as such, deserves praise, though the main outlines of the story present nothing particularly fresh or original and though probably the dent would have been more effective if made part of a fuller and more dramatic work.

> Colonel Richard Henry Savage has certainly written a vivid and stirring story under the curious title "My Official Wife." It is a narrative of wonderful adventures befalling an American colonel in Holy Russia, and forced upon him by the combined influence of his native chivalry and the fascinations of a bewitching Unknown," who turns out to be a very dangerou person indeed, and who nearly succeeds in sending the gallant colonel to Siberia or a worse place. The story is ingeniously contrived and told with a great deal of lavishness and "go." It is difficult, as each new complication arises, to say how the bewildered colonel could have extricated himself from the tolls, though the reader is apt to entertain a lurking suspicion that he did not try very hard to do so. One of the characters introduced is the dreaded chief of the Third Section, and he has much to do with the outcome of the escapade. If this is Colonel Savage's first essay in struck a vein sure to be popular, and he has shown decided literary capacity.

How would a sirl behave, how would such a girl sever heard of death? That is the undertakes to treat in "Iduna"; problem Mr. ade an odd and pretty tale out of It, it cannot be said that he has gone at all seriously into the question. The case supposed is hardly possible, to begin with A bright girl would surely discover the secret for herself. The other stories in the volume are of a more ordinary kind, but all of them are bright, interesting and well written, "Papoose being perhaps the most satisfactory, and "The Woman

AUTHOR OF TWO HUNDRED PLAYS.

From London Truth, Paris letter.

We have found a Grand Old Man to replace M. de Lesseps, who is no longer le Grand Francais. His successor is M. d'Ennery, who has got to the shady side of eighty, and who is yet hale, hearty, and bright of tit. He claims to have been for the best part of his life a moral man, and to have lived by rule, and limited his ambition to that of being a popular playwright, never troubling himself about what the Academy might think of him. When he got to the downward slope of life he gave up working in the day time and going to dinners and other festive doings in the evenings. His plan was to husband his strength and to keep his brain fresh by not letting it be overwought. To this end he did not rise in the moraling before eight. After a cup of blinch coffee he worked until eleven, when he lunched generally on two eggs and a small quantity either of fish or chicken. He then went to a cafe to see friends, read the papers, and make notes of incidents related in them which might be worked up into dramas. At two he was at home to callers. The dinner bell rang at six. He generally arranged to have a few pleasant people, with whom he could chat in a quite unaffected manner, to share the meal. Mild whist, cearte or piquet followed, and desk work from more to eleven. He never was in a hurry, and he has managed in the course of his life to produce and bring out on the stage 200 dramatic works. D'Etnery has one mania—the brie-a-brae one. He built for himself a pretty seaside house at Villers sur-Mer, where he spends the hot months of the year. Madame d'Ennery is a notable housewife, and her husband, as he writes his plays, submits them to her judgment. He is now busy at a sensational drama in five acts. From London Truth, Paris letter.

THE PROFILS OF BRIC-A-BRAC. From The London Times.

The grand total realized for the nine days' sa'e (of the Cavendish-Bentinch collection of art-furniture) was £80,549 9s. The high prices of this sale were extraordinary. The prime cost has been exceeded by nearly cent per cent, and in namy instances even larger profits have been obtained. Generally speaking, the prices realized show a return of 5 per cent compound interest on the original outlay.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Reporter Who Made Himself King" is the title of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's story. "The Athenaeum," of London-dubbing him Mr. "Davies," by the way-snys that it is awaiting "with interest, tinged perhaps, by scepticism," the appearance of this story. The Athenacum" is disturbed because Mr. Davis is called the Kipling of America-therefore its unnecessarily lordly attitude as of one who hath been tasting something unpleasant.

Professor Tyndall's forthcoming volume of essays. addresses and reviews is to bear the title of "Fragnents of Science."

The story which M. du Maurier is publishing in Harper's " grows more and more powerful. new instalment goes to show, moreover, that to his distinguished abilities as an artist, a satirist and a ovelist, is added the poet's gift. What will be reveal to us next? If we were to mention a fault in "Peter libbetson," we should say that it was to be found in its almost unrelieved sadness.

All the MSS, of George Ellot's works with the excepion of that of "Scenes of Clerical Life" (owned by Blackwood) are now in the possession of the British Museum. The copy was evidently treated by the printers with unusual care; and as soon as each MS. was returned to her, she had it bound and gave it to Mr. Lewes with an affectionate inscription prefixed. In Jubal" she wrote:

"To my beloved husband, George Henry whose cherishing tenderness for twenty years has alone made my work possible to me.

And the last parting now began to send Diffusive dread through love and wedded bliss, Thrilling them into finer tenderness.

To these Mss. has been added that of Mr. Lewes's Aristotle." It contains this inscription: "To my be-Where the heart lies let the brain lie oved Mirlam. also.'-G. H. Lewes, July, 1864."

Mr. Roberts's "Atlantic" poem, "The Pea Fields," is charming piece of verse-sweet as with the odor of the fields themselves, warmed by the morning sun and stirring in the summer breeze. Read the four lines

"You think so?" he replied—"Well, I Thought likewise, maugre Lancie And Yorick,—though his Cassius nigh Won Hamlet's motto.

"But would you learn, as I, his clue
To nature's heart, and judge him fairly,—
Go see his rustic bard, go view
His Man o' Airlie. "See that defenceless minstrel brought

m hope to wan despair, from laughter y's moun :-the image wrought enzy's moun:—the im Will haunt you after.

"Then see him crowned at last! If such A guerdon waits the stricken port, "I were well, you'll own, to bear as much— Even die, to know it."

"Brave!" cried I.—I too the thrill
Must feel, which thus your blood can waken '
And once I saw upon the bill
That part retaken;

But leagues of travel stretched between Me and that idyl played so rarely; And then—his death! nor had I seen "The Man o' Airlie."

My failure; not the actor's, loved
By all to are and nature loyal;
Not his, whem Harebell's passion proved
Of the blood royal.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the traveller and author, has nearly ready for publication a new book on her Apropos of the last-named region it may be noted tht Mrs. Hishop is the first woman who has ever de-House of Commons. The other day a requisition was sent to her and she obeyed it, giving a vivid account before a meeting of members of the facts which had come to her knowledge in Kurdistan in regard to the trocious treatment of the Christian population.

Miss Bishop writes fluently, without pause, almost ithout correction. "Writing is to me," she says, what painting is to other prople. I delight in describing what I have seen."

That the average American "is incapable of selfmusement" is the opinion of Dr. Hammond set forth in "The North American Review," He requires to be entertained; he is essentially gregarious; the idea of oing to the woods or to the senshore or the mountains by himself, or at most with a congental companion, is n the highest degree repugnant to him. He leathes that privacy and seclusion from the eyes of his fellows which it would appear every well-ordered person ought o desire. He likes glare and excitement and turmoil and noise. When he goes into a sedately lighted com, in which he only wishes to sit down and rock to and fro with a cigar in his mouth, the first thing he does is to turn on all the light. A quict town, one suited for ropose of mind, he speaks of as a 'graveyard.' He wants to be in the 'swim,' as be calls it, all the time. A day without his newspaper in which he can read of the state of the markets, and of all the crimes and scandals which have occurred throughout the world in the past twenty-four hours, is to him a We would not go so far as to say that the love of nature is a thing unknown to the American but it must be acknowledged that it is exceptional.

One rarely observes here that delight in and knowledge of woodland fore, that happiness'sought in gardening which are common in England, for example. The American farmer cares little for these things, of course; to him nature and her workings mean business. The average wealthy American for whom his country-place need not "mean business" likes to see his gardens and greenhouses kept in order, but he wants to have his gardeners do the work. The fascinating task of making things grow would be an aboundation to him. There is even small love for flowers among the poorer classes who have little gardens. In English villages and country towns there is constant rivary in flower-growing among the cottagers and small tradesmen, and regular flower-shows and columbe prizes tend to bring many plants to a high state of cultivation in their little gardens. To get "a showy effect" on a handsome lawn seems to be the chief purpose of flower-growing in this country. ing which are common in England, for example. The

CARMEN ISYLVA INCOGNITA.

From The Spectator, London.

There is a story told of the Queen of Rumania which is not mentioned by her biographer, and which may very possibly not be true. We can only hope that it is, for it bears strong testimony to her Majesty's good sensy and superiority to flattery. Being extravagnatly praised at Court for her musical talents, which are generally acknowledged to be great, the Queen deternined to obtain an independent opinion about her singing by consulting in dissulse a well-known musician. The biacestro distened, having no suspicion who the lady was who submitted herself to his judgment, and, after a long and patient trial, declared his opinion that she might with diligent practice be fit for the chorus of an opera, but for nothing higher. The Queen took the lesson in perfectly good part, and went away without disclosing herself, resolving in future to put no great value on the appliance of her Court. We could almost wish that some similar course could have been adopted with her literary works, of which the admiring society which surrounds her appear to form an unduly high idea. For the outer world, it is to be recretted that the secret of "Carmen Sylvaks" identity was ever allowed to transpire. A sovereign who writes should write either very well, or so hadly as to leave his or her works out of competition with the ordinary literary professional. Should her works only reach the level of mediocrity, beyond which "Carmen sylva" does not, in our opinion, rise, it is inevitable that people will say that she "writes well concapt for a Queen," and hitle good is to be got from that kind of reputation. Most of all does this apply to a sovereign who writes novels. From The Spectator, London.

STORIES OF WAR CAMPAIGNS.

From The London Star.

From The London Star.

Mr. Frederick Villiers, the popular war correspondent, is engaged in writing his reminiscences of compalgridge. If he tells his stories anything like so well on paper as he does in talk, and if he gets the merve sparkle of his eye into the style, his book will be one to read as much for its individuality as its matter. That is to be extensive, indeed, for it is to deal with

it less than eight campaigns, each momentous; the serve-Turkish, Serve-Bolgarian, Russ-Turkish, Afghan, Eastern Sundan, Abysinian, Egyptan, 1832, the Nile and the Harmah expeditions. Messrs, Oscood & Mellvaine, from whom at present most bookish blessings seem to flow, are to be the publishers.

Mr. Villiers, though really of mirade helght, impresses one as a big man; one would call him burly if he were not graceful and quickly sympathetic in his manner. He has preserved a quite hoyish naivete in his style, and his gentleness is in odd contrast to the brave, grim things he has to tell of. He and Colonel Gosset, C. B., were heard exchanging reminiscences the other night, and among other maters it transpired that Mr. Villiers's "book which has influenced me," which in fact made him a war correspondent, was no less than the once-famous "Anastasius" or the Adventures of a Modern Greek," one of the historical successes of the great John Murray.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

AN ENGLISH SKETCH OF HIS CAREER. Walter Lewin in The London Academy.

Walter Lewin in The London Academy.

Briefly stated, the main facts of Mr. Harris's career are as follows: He was born in England (not America) on May 15, 1823. His parents removed with him to America when he was three years old. His father appears to have been a man of irregular habits, and his mother a devout woman, strict in the Calvinistic faith. He received little formal education, yet attained to vast knowledge and a considerable degree of culture, a circumstance in which his disciples are inclined to see a special manifestation of the divine indwellknowledge and a considerable degree of culture, a circumstance in which his disciples are inclined to see a special manifestation of the divine indwelling. In his revolt against the doctrine of predestination which he had learned from his mother, he not unnaturally reached the opposite pole of Universal Salvation, and about 1845 he became the minister of a Universalist church in New-York. His discourses were brilliant and effective, but semewhat too outspoken to please his hearers, and his connection with this church did not last long. About 1851 he joined the Rev. James D. Scott in founding the Mountain Cove Community of Spirit ualists, at Auburn, in the State of New-York. This community was broken up about two years later, the cause of collapse in its case, as in many another, being a quarrel about property among the members. By this time Mr. Harris had become deeply imbued with the teachings of the mystics, especially of Jacob Bochme and Emmanuel Swedenborg; and these, with modifications, were what he himself afterward taught and tried to apply up to the present day.

About 1858 Mr. Harris established "The Church

a charming piece of verse—sweet as with the odor of the fields themselves, warmed by the morning sun and stirring in the summer breeze. Read the four lines entitled "Sweet-Peas" printed on another page of the same magnaine, and feel, even if you don't see, the difference between real poetry and that which is conscientiously manufactured. Miss or Mrs. Lippmann's verse rings false and is full of strained and incongruous metaphors. The idea of "a crowd of butterflies". leashed together by a stem." Is unlovely as that of "white emblemed souls". pale Psyche's . leashed together by a stem." As for the third and fourth lines.

Most fragrant-breathed, but trembling with deep dolest Lest Love come not apace to rescue them, they are equally exasperating.

Fragrant-breathed butterflies is an untrue figure, and oven worse is a fragrant-breathed, white-emblemed soul; while a fragrant-breathed white-emblemed soul; while a fragrant-breathed white-emblemed soul; while a fragrant-breathed comments, and oven worse is a fragrant-breathed white-emblemed soul; while a fragrant-breathed experiments.

But let us forget "Sweet-Peas" and turn another space to Mr. Stedman's touching and beautiful enshrings of Lawrence Barrett—this, without doubt, is "real poetry."

HAREBELL.

A REPARATION.

"Grant him." I said, "a well-carned name, But—not a player.

"Strange, as of fates perverseness, this Proud, cager soul, this fine-strung creature Should seem forever fust to miss That bouch of nature:

"The instinct she so lightly gives Seme fellow at his rivals snarling. Some clellow at his rivals snarling. Some fellow at his rivals snarling. Some clellow at his rivals snarling. That touch of nature:

"Thought likewise, maurer Lanciotte. And Yorick.—though his Cassius night Wou Hamlet's motio."

"Thought likewise, maurer Lanciotte. And Yorick—though his Cassius night Wou Hamlet's motio."

"The position of the conditions of the special recipient of divine gifts. In his mode when he divined the proposition of the special recipient of divine gifts. In sons of repute who knew him earlier than Oliphant and know him still continue to hold him in the highest esteem goes far to justify the supposition that Oliphant misunderstood him. An impostor may indeed deceive "the very elect," but only for a time, and if the charges made public when Oliphant parted from Mr Harris had becausel of well founded it is hardly conceivable that even "the elect" would have continued menlightened until now. The fact is, Oliphant came to think he was himself an appointed prophet and seer, and it was as such that he established himself at Haifa.

It is to be hoped no reader of Mrs. Oliphant's

of the two-mone was not peculiar to Salvador.
Other mystics, and particularly Jacob
Boelme, had expounded it long before. Mr. Hartis
differed from Swedenborg in this, that he believed
in the possibility in the present life of that supreme regeneration which shall restorehumanity to ts original bi-sexual condition. He even gots so far as to sev that already there are living persons whose counterparts," having filed, are now already

whose counterparts," having died, are now already united to them.

This much it is necessary to say, not only to give a slight explanation of the doctrine, but in order to understand the position Mr. Harris took with reference to Oliphant's marriage. It seemed strange at first sight that one who claimed to be a seer should throw obstacles in the way of a union apparently so admirable. But, on the principle held alike by Mr. Harris and Oliphant, while the marriage of "counterparts" in the present life was regarded as helpful, the marriage of persons who were not "counterparts" was a grave hindrance; and Mr. Harris's sole objection was that, in this instance, the desirable relation did not exist, so that not only was final spiritual union impossible between Laurence and Alice Oliphant, but their union with their "counterparts" was barred.

was barred.

As to the other main doctrine of the "Brother-hood" which troubles Mrs. Oliphant—the "open-breathing" or "internal respiration"—it is sufficient here to say that the terms used are to a considerable degree figurative, and stand for the transcendental idea of direct communion between God and the human soul. But, over and above God and the human soul. But, over and above this, it is maintained that at a certain higher stage an actual physical change is experienced. Swedenberg, in what would be termed his trances, is said to have lived for long periods without performing the function commonly called breathing;

forming the function commonly called breathing; and it was on those occasions that he claimed to have visited the spiritual world and conversed with angels.

However mystical the doctrines of the Brotherhood may have been, the "Way toward the Blessed Life" was eminently practical. It consisted simply in living the Christian life—not the Christian life as taught in the churches, but that which was taught by Jesus himself according to the New Testament. Matthew Arnold has described conduct as "three-fourths of life"; the Brotherhood would insist that conduct should constitute the whole life. As Oliphant, in a letter quoted in the Memoir, said: "Hefore we are in a condition to begin the work of reform without, we have to establish it within"; and he further explained: ther explained: Our fundamental principle is absolute and en-

"Our modamental principle is assemble and en-tire self-sacrifice; our motive is not the salvation of our solds, but the regeneration of humanity; our absorbing study is the practical embodiment of that new commandment which those who heard it only partially understood, that ye love one another, but which is as new, in the sense of never having been up to this time comprehended or practised, as it was then" (vol. ii., p. 36).

M. SIMON ON WORKING WOMEN.

M. SIMON ON WORKING WOMEN.

From The London Daily News.

M. Jules Simon, our Paris correspondent telegraphs, has jest delivered a specch in favor of curtailing the working hours of women, which will remain among the most remarkable he has ever delivered. It appeals at the same time to the reason and to the heart. The following are some of the best passages: "There are good reasons, then, for us to soek to diminish the hours of women's labor. It is almost impossible for a man whose heart is in the right place to think that these dear creatures should be subjected to the same amount of suffering as ourselves, who are much better able to bear it. But do we ask a diministion of women's labor in order to render their condition a little more fortunate? I am impelled by quite different motives. When we ask for a diministion of the day's work for women we are not thinking of women alone, but rather of humanity at large; of the father, of the child, of society which we want to teplace on its basis. The great misfortune of the workman is the public-house. You start a factory and believe you have done nothing else. You have done much more. You have opened fifty publichouses. As soon as the factory begins to work the public-house are opened, and the workman flock to the un. some of us will condemn their conduct, but there is an extennating circumstance, to wit, that the workmans, if he returned home, would not find a cheerful children; he cheerful and cleanly house, hor cheerful children; he would see the said steight that can addict a father's heart. This is an excess for, or at least an explanation of, his bad conduct. But set up in opposition to cheerful and cleanly house, nor cheerful children; he would see the said at sight that can attict a father's heart. This is an excuse for, or at least an explanation of, his had conduct. But set up in opposition so the tavern a well-kept home, where the wife and children have arrived an hour before to make everything ready for the father, and when he comes a home-made supper, a few good kissus, and a feeling on his part of having given a new life to that family. Will there not be fround for hoping that the workman will then at test the public-house, and that on leaving the workshop he will go straight home to his wife and children!

LITERARY LIFE IN PARIS.

TRANSLATING AMERICAN WORKS-SOME NOTABLE WOMEN.

Paris, July 15.
The long friendly intercourse between France and America, and the liberality, the cosmopolitanism of American publishers and editors, have put the masses of American readers, within the last decade, en rapport with much of the literary life of Paris. To many able translators-both English and American- we are indebted for much of French literature that might otherwise be lost, since in the hurry of American life comparatively few have the knowledge, time or inclination to delve into the On the other hand the general inoriginals. difference of the French to all that lies without their charmed civilization; would have cut them off from nearly all American literary progress, if it were not for the efforts of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and like periodicals, to bring our most salient literary characteristics to cultured French readers, thus disseminating a taste for American authors.

To no French critic or translator, perhaps, are modern American fiction writers more indebted for French readers than Th. Bentzon, twenty years a contributor to the "Revue des Mondes." Th. Bentzon is the pseudonym of Madame Blanc, the only daughter of the beautiful Countess d'Aure. Married at sixteen, divorced at nineteen, M. dame Blane made her literary debut at thirty years, as the author of "Divorce," a novel that attracted immediate attention and decided her career. Subsequently she has written twenty novels. Many have been translated into English, but so badly that she has never had the courage to read but one. "Expiation," brought out a year ago by an American publisher, and attributed to Th. Bentzon, is not her work, but that of one of her friends, a clever Parisian. English governesses and frequent sojourns in England laid the foundation of Madame Blanc's present command of English and her appreciation of its literature.

"What led you to the critical study of American authors?" I asked Madame Blane one day, as we sat chatting in her cosey salon in rue Burgoyne, where on Mondays all sorts of delightful people are to be met, and none more welcomed by the hostess than Americans.

"Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, have always been known to cultured French," said she. " Irving is a school text-book. Poe early found a marvellous interpreter in Bourelair, author of L'auteur de fleur de mal.' " A melancholy poet, he, like Poe, was the forerunner of the naturalistic school. As for the American writers of my own day," continued Madame Blane, "I turned to them naturally. My attention was called in a peculiar manner to T. B. Aldrich's works in 1875, A young American journalist, Mr. Ralph Keeler, who since perished at sea, wrote me that he had read my criticism of Walt Whitman in the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

Madame Blanc was the first to call the attention of her countrymen to Whitman's genius "You have taken so kind an interest in our poet," wrote Keeler, "that I am tempted, on behalf of my friend Aldrich, to ask you to read 'Marjory Daw.' I think you will like it." "It was so delicately put," said Madame Blanc-" 'in behalf of my friend,'-that I was much pleased, and have always been grateful to Keeler for calling my attention to Aldrich's works."

Madame Blanc's manner of translating is no less interesting than artistic. So rigid, so conservative is the literary standard of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," in which her critiques appear, that the contributor of twenty-five or thirty years is as likely to be rejected as the chance aspirant. She translates but part of a work-a page-a chapter here and there-which frequently leads others to the translation of the whole. That which is untranslatable invites her critical com-

as hard, crude. Mr. Fawcett's poetry, however, is charming. His 'Adventures of a Widow' gave great promise. He writes too much, too much. It is a disease of modern writers,"

Madame Blane finds much in American fiction untranslatable. Mark Twain, for instance. "I had two papers on Twain," laughed this brilliant Parisian, "and devoted a page to his Jump-ing Frog.' The French abhor American slang. Some is pretty, all forcible, but the effect is lost in translation. To show this I put the 'Jumping Frog' into academic French. Twain wrote, thanking me for the review, and added, 'I have paid you back. 'I have translated your 'Jumping Frog' into English to show how untranslatable I am.

Madame Blanc finds Cable a man of great talent. His stories have been translated. His characters appeal because they are of French blood. Henry James she considers the only American writer who has the international sense. Howells is less an artist than James. His "Undiscovered Country," and a "Foregone Conclusion" are not without interest. The "Lady of the Aroostook" has been eleverly translated. "A Modern Instance' is untranslatable; it is too coarse. Mr. Bellemy, she thinks, has a peculiar talent. "The Quick or the Dead" she found disgusting, and sees no great future promise in the stories of Amelie Rives Chanler. Madame Blane's later translations have been confined to the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett, for whom she treasures the warmest admiration.

In her salon, one may frequently meet Mr. Rhodes, ex-United States Consul to Jerusalem, and for twenty years a resident of Paris. An old habitue of the boulevards, Mr. Rhodes has such a command of French that he frequently appears in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Another visitor of Madame Blanc's salon, a character most picturesque in these days of idealistic desuctude, is M. Grenier, the last poet of the idealistic sensol of France. A small, well-preserved man is M. Grenier, with a fresh face, merry blue eyes, and snow-white hair and beard. The companion of Lamartine, De Musset and Victor Hugo, M. Grenier has always been more of a poet in his life than in his verse. Wealth and the culture of the world's choicest have always been his. An ardent Republican, he forfeited highest diplomatic honors during the Empire, and absented himself in the Orient, to be equally discontented when the Republic was established, because it was so far below the Republic of his dreams. His poem on the death of Abraham Lincoln was crowned by the Academy. Personally Madame Blane is a medium-sized

woman, with expressive dark eyes, mobile mouth and charming manner. Since the death of her devoted mother several years ago, she has been absorbed in her only son, who has done much creditable scientific work, and is now on a Government expedition in Asia. She works every day from early morning until noon, except on Mondays.

Equally effective in popularizing the more sensational of American fiction writers among the masses of French readers is Countess Dillon, known in letters as "Marian Darcy." Countess Dillon is an English woman, the daughter of Bellingham Graham, baronet, an artist and gay man of the world of his day, and the sister of Sir Reginald Graham, well known in England. She was married to Count Dillon (not Boulanger's) in Paris in 1863, where she has since resided. The Countess is now a widow with one son in the French army. She is a tall, willowy woman, with a strong, refined face, kindly eyes, and the vivacity of the French. Her casey apartments are in the Avanue MacMahon. The stranger can scarcely suppress surprise

when this singularly appealing, gentle woman and in her low modulated voice, "fell me the latest sensational American novel that has not been translated." Countess Dillon has been translating some ten years, but has not followed it seriously until within the last five years. Her translations appear as feuilletons in Paris and provincial journals. Her first great success was the translation of Katharine Green's "Leavenworth Case." It ran sixty-six days in the "Republic Francaise," the "Independence Belge," and the "Rumanian Star," of Bucharest. Equally successful was Miss Green's "Strange Disappearance," which, under the title "Le Crime du Unquieme Avenue," ran in "Le Journal des Debats," in which journal also appeared Sidney Lusica's stories. Bishop's "Golden Justice," and Edgar Fawcetts "Concessions of Claude" are among her later translations.

Countess Dillon works rapidly. She reads the

"Contessons of Caude" are among her later translations.

Countess Dillon works rapidly. She reads the work to be translated through once, marking striking parts, eliminating that which would not appeal to Parisians or full flat in translation. Then she lays the original aside and begins the translation, as she would a story of her own creation. It takes her from three to four months to make a good translation of a book. Translation only pays when published as a serial. Most of the French journals pay from one to two sous a line. "Le Temps" and "Le Journal des Debats" pay from three to four sous a line. The remuneration is much higher for translation in France than in America or England. There is a greater demand for that class of work, especially of the sensational kind, and many elever women find in it agreeable and lucrative employment.

Women as newsgatherers in Paris are a foreign innovation. Now, as in the days of Madame de Stael, however, many of the brightest, ablest contributors to the Parisian press are women. Their identity is concealed under speudonyms, and after the manner of their masculine competitors, they rarely venture beyond the subjects of which they have made especial study. The standard of French journalism is quite apart from that of England or the United States. The first requisite is literary merit; men and women meet on common ground and are recompensed accordingly. To have achieved notoriety in any other field, happily, is not a requisite to journalistic or literary recognition in France. Mme. Adam (Juliette Lamber) is familiar to American readers. Her journal, "La Nouvelle Revue," while less serious than the "Revue des Deux Mondes," is the medium through which younger writers are gaining recognition, and it often scintillates with talent of great promise. The "Nouvel Revue Thernational" has for its editor a once famous beauty, Madame de Rute, a granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte and the widow of three husbands of French, Spanish and Italian extractions respectively. Versatile and eccen

Readers of Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal remember its author's deference to "Etincelle." Baroness Double is this brilliant woman's family name. Her "notes of a society man" published in the "Figaro" some years ago were long thought to have been written by a man.

"Figaro" some years ago were long thought to have been written by a man.

Brilliant critiques from the pen of Judith Gantier, daughter of Theophile Gautier, Madame Alphonse Daudet and Mme. Mary Reynolds ("Gil Blas") appear regularly in the leading journals, while every paper has now its writer of heau monde, which is considered the lowest order of writing and classed in the same category as reporting, which is eschewed by the old regime as a foreign intruder worthy the contempt with which they regard it. The editor of the "Monde Illustre," Emeline Reymond, is almost better known in America than in France. For twenty-five years she has contributed to "Harper's Bazar," sending her manuscript in French.

The newspaper woman as she is understood in England and America, however, is still the unaccepted in France. The first foreign invader was Mrs. Emily Crawford, the brilliant English journalist. Ten years later came Mrs. Lucy Hooper, well known to the newspaper readers of America. Paris now has many English and American women newspaper correspondents. English journals pay better than American, and the latter are more liberal than the French. It is almost impossible for an American to find work on an English journal, while scores of French and English journalists earn splendid incomes from American papers.

papers.

SOME RARE OLD BOOKS.

RECENTLY ADDED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY.

London, July 22.-A memorable year was 1890 and seer, and it was as such that he established himself at Haifa.

It is to be hoped no reader of Mrs. Oliphant's book will adopt her version of the doctrines of the "Bretherhood of the New Life." She freely admits she does not understand them. A Swedenborgian would hardly assent to her proposition that his theory "replaces the Trinity by a Father and Mother God—a two-fold instead of a three-fold unity" (vol. ii., p. 4): for in fact Swedenborgian is dees nothing of the kind. It simply holds that Jesus Christ was the one and only God. As Swedenborg says: "Jehovah God himself descended and was made man." But Swedenborg did hold that God in essence was not exclusively made or exclusively female, but combined both. He furthermore held that this condition existed in humanity prior to the Fall, and that in consequence of the Fall the male and female elements became distinct, and would continue so to remain until man entered the spirit-world. This doctrines of the "two-in-one" was not peculiar to Swedenborg of the "two-in-one" was not peculiar to Swedenborg. Other mystics, and particularly Jacob borg. Other mys at the British Museum, in respect of addi-tions to the library. Some of the most valuable and rarest books in the world have been tion of diplomatic correspondence ever made. acquisition the number of Caxton's known publications not to be found in his own country has been reduced to

> Next in bibliographical importance are to be named the acquisitions of rare Spanish books made at the sale of the second portion of the library of Baron Seilliere, which took place in Paris on May 5-14. Three of these are among the rarest treasures of Spanish literature. One, the romance of the Caballero Platir, Valladolid, 1533, is believed to be unique. Cervantes tells us that a copy perished in the burning of Don Quixote's library. The other two, if less exceptional as curiosities, are of greater literary interest; the Catalan version

that a copy perished in the burning of Don Quixoce's library. The other two, if less exceptional as curiosities, are of greater literary interest; the Catalan version of Ovid's Metamorphoses, by Francisco Alegre, Barcelona, 1494, being en invaluable monument of the language; and the Canclonero Espiritual of Mishop Aninrosio Montesinos (Seville, 1557, but composed nearly half a century earlier), being a most characteristic example of the national peculiarities of Spanish poetry, exceedingly rare in all editions, and induce in this. No edition was previously in the Museum. On the same occasion were obtained, with others of much interest, the following books, some, perhaps, nd longer to be found in Spain: Marineo, Coronica de Aragon, Zaragoza, 1440, the first spanish translation; Coronica del sancto rey Don Fernando tercero, Seville, 1526; Vives, Instruccion de la Mujer Christiana, Valencia, 1532; Villalobas, Problemas, Zaragoza, 1544; Ortega, Tratado de Arismetica y de Geometria, Seville, Ortega, Ortega, Orteg

probably printed mode and the probably printed by William Copland in 1559. The Psalier is unique.

In English literature the fortunate acquisition of William Binke's first work, the "Pootical Sietches, 1783, has made rood one of the most mortifying deficiencies in the library, pointed out as such by Binke's first work, the "Pootical Sietches, 1783, has made rood one of the most mortifying deficiencies in the library, pointed out as such by Binke's biographer, Gilchrist, nearly thirty years ago, but, from the excessive rarrity of the book, never remedied till now. A similar acquisition has been made in a complete copy of "The Gownsman," one of the two magnishes conducted by Tiackersy when an undergradiant at Cambridge; its companion, "The Snob," has long been in the Museum Rarer still are complete sets of "The Mite," "Ell" and "Fsiry," miniature magnatices chiefly written by Sir A. Panizzi and Lord Langdole, and printed at the latter's private press at Rochampton. Only two such sets are believed to exist; the one now obtained was Lori Langdole's own and has a Ms. key in his handwriting. Interesting acquisitions of like character are the original edition of Gibbon's "Memoire Justificatif" for Great Britain against France in the American War, and the first edition of "Emerson's Nature," Boston, 1830. There is also one of the only two known copies of Bunyan's merical "Discourse of the Building of the House of God," 1688. This copy was believed to have been destroved at the burning at Mr. Offor's library, more than twenty years ago, and has only recently been discovered comparatively uniqued on an examination of the salvage. At the same time was purchased a Belfast edition of another of Bunyan's works, "Sighs from Hell," 1700, as first shook actually ascertained to have been printed at Belfast.

Among numerous curiosities the most remarkable is a Chinese bank-note of the Ming Dynasty, about 1965, as comparatively modern specimen for Chins, but add years older than the first bank-note issued in Europe. No example of

With this may be mentioned Dutch treaties with Mainy sovereigns, printed at Batavia in 1986, and Dutch and English papers printed at the Cape of Good Hope in 1804 and 1805, nearly the first examples of printing in